

# Eclectic Magazine.—Supplement.

NOVEMBER, 1899.

## READINGS FROM NEW BOOKS.

### A FRENCH TROOPER.\*

I stopped a week longer in hospital, and felt rather glad of Piatte's companionship, as I had taken quite a liking for this poor fellow, who interested me. I asked him many a time why he did not give up drink, which meant his ruin.

"Give up drink, old fellow," he invariably replied, "why should I? It is the only thing which makes a man forget. Don't imagine that I was a drunkard before I came to the regiment; but they've driven me to it. During my first year's service I was keen on doing my best, and I hoped to be promoted to the rank of Corporal. I had got through the exams. all right, and had been actually nominated for promotion after the manœuvres we were in the thick of were over, when the crash came. One night when three other troopers and myself had made ourselves comfortable in a barn full of straw, in comes a Corporal with a pipe in his mouth. Just then he hears a step outside, and suspecting that it is an officer, he shouts out:

"Who's been smoking here? Now look sharp—are you going to tell or not?"

"I wasn't asleep, and I saw through his dirty trick in an instant. The other fellows were soon aroused, and confusedly asked what was the matter. The Corporal repeats his question, but of course there was no culprit to an-

swer it. Then in comes the officer—for the Corporal's suspicion was right enough.

"'Go and fetch a lantern,' says he.

"Off goes the Corporal and gets one.

"Then the officer says:

"'Some one has been smoking here, let the man come forward.'

"Of course nobody moves because nobody has done it, for it was the Corporal all along.

"'Very well,' the officer says; 'let's have your numbers,' and he tells the Corporal to put them down.

"Mine was the highest as it happened, and on finding this out the officer says:

"'You put eight days' *Salle de Police* to that trooper.'

"When the officer has gone I go out to the Corporal—he was a Hussar chap, and so was the officer—and I tell him that it's not right what he's done, and that he knows well enough that it's him that had been smoking, so he turns savage on me, and he says:

"'You'll have two days more for insulting me.'

"The next day I tell what's happened to my Lieutenant, and he says that he will speak to the Hussar officer; but my Lieutenant comes back, and he says that the officer doesn't mind cancelling my punishment, but that the Corporal insists on letting his two days stand as they are, and that he won't cancel them. All that makes a shindy between the younger officers of our regi-

\* From Trooper 8809. By Lionel Decle. Copyright, 1899. Charles Scribner's Sons.

ment and those of the Hussars, and the General hears of it, because two of them officers actually applied for leave to fight a duel. The General sends for me—he was just mad because during the past fortnight two other barns had been set on fire—and he tells me I am a scoundrel to have smoked in the barn; but I tell him how things happened, and that 'twas the Corporal himself who'd been smoking. The Colonel of the Hussars, who just happened to be coming for some report to the General, says:

"Ah, that's the swine who nearly set a barn on fire last night, and now he tries to take away the character of one of my Corporals!"

"This makes the General quite mad, and he gives me fifteen days' prison. Yes, old chap, fifteen days' prison, when I'd done nothing. It fairly turned my blood, and I went away hardly knowing what I was doing. I passed a pub and went in. I called for absinthe and brandy and the Lord knows what else. The more I drunk the more I wanted, and I was that mad that when two Hussars walked into the pub I sprang on them, and if others hadn't come to their rescue 'twould have been a case of murder, I think. They had to tie me up, and by Gad it took eight of them to do it. To my first punishment, fifteen days' prison, and fifteen days' solitary confinement in cells, were added, and when, two days later, the manoeuvres ended, I was marched back to barracks—a prisoner. Of course any question of pro-

motion was at an end—to think of it after I had worked so hard to become a Corporal! When I came out of prison I no longer cared a b—d— what happened to me. I drank whenever I had money, and if I hadn't, Decle, my boy, I would have shot myself. How I have got through these last three years I don't know. They threatened more than once to send me to Biribi. What did I care? If it hadn't been for our late Colonel—he understood me, that man—I should have done something desperate; but since he is dead—ah, *malheur!* The new Colonel calls me a disgrace to the regiment, and a disgrace to the French army: but what do I care? But then when a chap like our doctor doesn't feel ashamed to hold out his hand to me—well, my boy, it goes to my heart. You, too, old Decle, although we are both mere troopers, you are a gentleman, while I am but a laborer and a low blackguardly drunkard; and yet you treat me as a friend. Give me your hand, old boy."

I gave it to him, and he pressed it between his two enormous palms, and then, in a husky voice, he added,—

"Ah! it's long since I have felt so happy," and with the back of his hand he wiped off a tear.

"Forgive me, old chap," he said. "I know I'm making a fool of myself!"

For answer I could only squeeze his hand, and I turned round to hide a tear of my own—a tear of pity for the poor fellow whose feelings I could now understand so well.

#### JOHNNY.\*

The weeks went, and the time neared when dancing at the Institute would end for the season—would end with a bang and a dazzle in a "long

night," when dancing would be kept up shamelessly till something nearer one o'clock than twelve. Johnny counted, first the weeks, then the days, and last the hours. Not because of the dancing, although that was amusing,

\* From *To London Town*. By Arthur Morrison.  
Copyright. 1899. Herbert S. Stone & Co.

but because he was to take Nora Sansom with his double ticket. For herself, she may have counted days and hours, or may not; but true it was that she sat up late on several nights, with nun's veiling and ribbons, making a dress for the occasion—the first fine frock that had been hers. And every night she hid it carefully away out of sight.

Each dressmaking-class night of late it had been Johnny's privilege to guard her home-going to the end of that second street—never farther. Twice she had come to dancing, and by that small practice was already Johnny's superior at the exercise; for a big-shouldered novice of eleven stone two is a slower pupil than any girl of eighteen in the world. And they were very welcome one to the other, and acquaintance bettered day by day. Once Johnny ventured a question about the adventure of the morning, now more than three years ago, but learned little from Miss Sansom's answer. The lady who was ill was her relation, she said, and she found her; and then she talked of something else. And so till the evening before the "long night." It was the rule at the Institute to honor the long night with gloves and white ties, by way of compromise with evening dress; and Johnny bought his gloves with discretion and selected his tie with care. Then he went to the Institute, took a turn or two at the bars, climbed up the rope, and gave another member a lesson with the gloves. Thus refreshed, he dressed himself in his walking clothes, making sure that the tie and the gloves were safe in his pocket and set out for home. There was no dressmaking class that night, so that he need not wait. But outside and plainly waiting for him, was Nora Sansom herself. Johnny thought she had been crying: as in fact she had.

"Oh, Mr. May," she said. "I'm very sorry, but—I thought you might be

here, and—and—I'm afraid I shan't be able to come to-morrow!"

"Not come! But—but why?"

"I'm sorry—I'm very sorry, Mr. May; but I can't tell you—really."

There was a quiver of the lip, and her voice was a little uneven, as though there were danger of more tears. But Johnny was not disappointed merely; he was also angry, and it was hard to conceal the fact. So he said nothing, but turned and walked a few steps by her side.

"I—hope you won't mind," she pursued, uneasy at his silence. "I'm very much disappointed—very much indeed." And it was plain that she was. "But there'll be a good many there. And you'll have plenty of partners." This last she found a hard thing to say.

"I don't care how many'll be there," Johnny replied. "I shan't go."

It was said curtly, almost angrily, but Nora Sansom heard it with an odd little tremor of pleasure. Though she merely said: "But why not? There's no reason why you should be disappointed too."

"Anyhow, I'm not going," he said; and after a pause added, "Perhaps you might ha' gone if I hadn't asked you!"

"O I shouldn't!" she answered, with tears in eyes and voice. "You know I shouldn't! I never go anywhere!"

Johnny instantly felt himself a brute. "No," he said. "I know you don't. I didn't mean anything unkind. But I won't go."

"Do you really mean it?"

"Of course. I'm not going without you." He might have said something more, but a little group of people came straggling past. And the girl, with her eyes on this group, said the first thing that came to her tongue.

"Where will you go then?"

"O anywhere. I don't know. Wal': about, perhaps."

She looked shyly up in his face, and down again.

"I might go for a walk," she said. Johnny's heart gave a great beat. "Alone?" he asked.

"I don't know. Perhaps."

But she would be questioned into nothing definite. If she took a walk, she *might* go in such and such a direction, passing this or that place at seven o'clock, or half-past. That was all. And now she must hurry away, for she had already been too long.

What mattered the dance to Johnny now? A fig for the dance. Let them dance that liked, and let them dance the floor through if it pleased them. But how was it that Nora Sansom could take a walk to-morrow evening, yet could not come to the Institute? That was difficult to understand. Still, hang the dance!

For Nora it would be harder to speak. Howbeit, indeed, the destruction of the looked-for evening's gladness, in her first fine frock, had been a bitter thing. But that day her hiding-place had been discovered, and now the dress that had cost such thoughtful design and such hopeful labor was lying, rolled and ticketed, on a pawnbroker's shelf.

That they must come to Blackwall Pier was assured. For there were no streets, no crowds, no rumbling wagons; there were the wide sky and the unresting river, the breeze, the ships, and the endless train of brown-sailed barges. No unseamanlike garden-seats dishonored the quay then, and strolling lovers sat on bollards or chains, or sat not at all.

Here came Johnny and Nora Sansom when the shrinking arc of daylight was far and yellow in the west, and the Kentish hills away to the left grew dusk and mysterious. The tide ran high, and tugs were busy. A nest of them, with steam up, lay under the wharf wall to the right of the pell-mell, waiting for work; some were already lighted, and on the rest, men

were trimming the lamps or running them up, while a cheerful glow came from each tiny cabin and engine-room. Rascal boys flitted about the quays and gangways—the boys that are always near boats and water, ever failing to get drowned, and ever dodging the pestered men who try to prevent it.

The first star of the evening steadied and brightened, and soon was lost amid other stars. Below, the river set its constellations as silently, one after another, trembling and blinking; and meteor tugs shot across its firmament, in white and green and red. Along shore the old Artichoke Tavern, gables and piles, darkened and melted away, and then lit into a little Orion, a bright cluster in the bespangled river-side. Ever some new sail came like a ghost up out of the gloom, rounded the point, and faded away; and by times some distant voice was heard in measured cry over water.

They said little; for what need to talk? They loitered a while near the locks, and saw the turning Trinity light with its long, solemn wink, heard a great steamer hoot, far down Woolwich Reach. Now the yellow in the sky was far and dull indeed, and a myriad of stars trembled over the brimming river. A tug puffed and sobbed, and swung out from the group under the wharf, beating a glistering tail of spray, and steaming off at the head of a train of lighters. Out from the dark of Woolwich Reach came a sailing ship under bare spars, drawn by another tug. In the middle of the river the ship dropped anchor, and the tug fell back to wait, keeping its place under gentle steam.

They walked on the wharf, by the iron cranes, and far to the end under the windows of the abandoned Brunswick Hotel. Here they were quite alone, and here they sat together on a broad and flat-topped old bollard.

Presently said Johnny, "Are you sor-

ry for the dance now—Nora?" And lost his breath at the name.

Nora—he called her Nora; was she afraid or was she glad? What was this before her? But with her eyes she saw only the twinkling river, with the lights and the stars.

Presently she answered. "I was very sorry," she said slowly. . . . "of course."

"But now—Nora?"

Still she saw but the river and the lights; but she was glad; timid, too, but very glad. Johnny's hand stole to her side, took hers, and kept it. . . .

"No," she said, "not sorry—now."

"Say Johnny."

What was before her mattered nothing; he sat by her—held her hand. . . . "Not sorry now—Johnny!"

Why came tears so readily to her eyes? Truly they had long worn their path. But this—this was joy. . . . He bent his head and kissed her. The wise old Trinity light winked very slowly, and winked again.

So they sat and talked; sometimes whispered. Vows, promises, nonsense all—what mattered the words to so wonderful a tune? And the eternal stars, a million ages away, were nearer, all nearer, than the world of common life about them. What was for her she knew now and saw—she also: a new heaven and a new earth.

Over the water from the ship came, swinging and slow, a stave of the chanty:—

"I'm a-flying-fish sailor straight home  
from Hong-Kong—  
Aye! Aye! Blow the man down!

Blow the man down bully, blow the man down—

O give us some time to blow the man down!

"Ye're a dirty Black-Baller just in  
from New York—

Aye! Aye! Blow the man down!

Blow the man down bully, blow the man down—

O give us some time to blow the man down!"

Time went, but time was not for them. Where the tug-engineer, thrusting up his head for a little fresh air, saw but a 'prentice-lad and his sweetheart on a bollard, there sat Man and Woman, enthroned and exultant in face of the worlds.

The ship swung round on the tide, bringing her light square and her stem for the opening lock. The chanty went wailing to its end:—

"Blow the man down bully, blow the man down—

To my Aye! Aye! Blow the man down!

Singapore Harbor to gay London town!

O give us some time to blow the man down!"

The tug headed for the dock and the ship went in her wake with slow state, a gallant shadow amid the blue.

Soon the tide stood, and stood, and then began its ebb. For a space there was a deeper stillness as the dim wharves hung in mid-mist, and water and sky were one. Then the air stirred and chilled, stars grew sharper, and the Thames turned its traffic seaward.

## FIRST OR SECOND CLASS? \*

And that was the end of Solomon Grundy. A highly respectable representative of a second-class man. The term suggests an idea. We have here no first, second and third-class railway carriages, as are found in England and other countries. But it would be interesting, from a philosophical point of view, to invent such a train for the occasion, and bestow our friends and acquaintances, and, indeed, society at large, according to their qualifications. You, of course, are desirous to know who are the persons entitled to travel first-class, in order that you may be introduced to them and avoid intimacy with the others, so far as is consistent with Christian charity and the mutual obligations of social beings. But let me first dip my pen in the ink again.

*Abracadabra.* Presto! Behold the train. The gates are opened and the people press in. There will not be much trouble with the third-class passengers. See how they take their proper places of their own accord. Some of them deserve to ride second-class quite as much as many who will be affronted at not being allowed to go first-class. Do you see that man? He is a commercial traveller, or drummer, and, naturally, early on the ground. He doesn't hesitate or examine his ticket, but gets directly into a second-class smoking car, settles himself, and puts on a silk cap. He knows that it is useless to ask for a first-class seat, and he is going to make the best of it (which is good philosophy). Very likely if you were sitting next to him he would utter some such cheery remark as, "It will be all the same a hundred years hence," and tell you a pat story to illustrate the sit-

uation. Did you happen to notice, though, the longing look he cast at the first-class coaches as he went by? I feel sure that down in his heart he is ready to admit that there are such things as ideals, after all, and he is making resolutions as to what he would do if he could live his life over again.

Did you notice that stout, fashionably dressed man who stopped and looked at me with a grin? He was trying it on, so to speak. He knew just as well as Tom Johnson, the drummer, that he had no right to travel first-class, but he thought I might admit him on the score of social prestige. He is one of the kindest-hearted of fellows—just the man to whom a friend would apply in a tight place, and I rather think he would be apt to help an enemy, unless it happened that something he had eaten for supper the night before had disagreed with him. He has the digestion of an ostrich, and he needs it, for his skin is full of oil, and whiskey, and tortured goose-liver, and canvas-back ducks, and pepper-sauce, and ripe Camembert cheese, and truffles, and Burgundy, and many other rich and kindred delicacies. He could tell four different vintages of champagne apart with his eyes shut, and he has honor at his club on account of it. His name is Howard Vincent. An illustrious-sounding name, isn't it? He inherits gout from both sides of the family. He does not know Tom Johnson, the drummer. They have moved in different social strata. But they belong to the same order of human beings. There! you notice he asks Tom for a light, and they have begun to talk together. They are laughing now, and Tom is winking. I shouldn't wonder if they were making fun of the second-class passengers. Vincent has read more or less in his

\* From *Search-Light Letters*. By Robert Grant. Copyright, 1899. Charles Scribner's Sons. Price \$1.50.

day, and he rather prides himself on what he calls keeping abreast of the times in the line of thought. See, they have opened the window, and are beckoning to me. Let us hear what they have to say.

*Drummer.* Ah, there, philosopher! You wouldn't let us in, and I guess you know your business. We've had a good time in life, anyhow. If the religious folk are right, we shall be in it up to our necks. If they're wrong, they've been wasting a lot of valuable time.

*Houard Vincent.* We've ridden straight, at all events. (Vincent is an authority on sporting matters.) We haven't pretended to be something we were not. We've never cheated anybody, and we've never lied to anybody, and each, according to his light (this last qualification was for Tom's benefit), has been a gentleman. We've been men of the world, and we have found the world a reasonably satisfactory place. We're in no haste to leave it.

*The Philosopher.* And may I add, gentlemen, that each of you has a kind and generous heart?

Did you observe how pleased they looked when I said that? It was a little weak of me to say it, but I couldn't help it. Somehow, it is very difficult to be sufficiently severe to such easy-going, pleasant-natured fellows, who are content to take the world as they find it, laugh and grow fat. Moreover, Tom Johnson has for twenty years supported his old mother and invalid sister, and remained single as a consequence; and Howard Vincent has a habit of giving away delightful sums on Christmas Day without advertising the fact. How often, on the occasion of death, do we hear the aphorism that everything counts for nothing save the kindly deeds of the deceased, until one is tempted to believe that a genial commercial traveller, like our friend, with a benignant soul, is more admirable than a highly sensitive gentleman and

scholar. Indisputably this is so if the gentleman and scholar lacks the humanity for which the other is conspicuous; but, nevertheless, it behooves the soul in search of the ideal to beware of the slough of mere warm-heartedness. It is an attribute which, if relied on too exclusively as a leavening force, is readily made to subserve very ordinary purposes. The two Falstaffian men in the second-class car belong there, even though you might find their kindly ways and their stories attractive up to a certain point. They are of the class of men who, more signally perhaps than any other, bar the path of the world's progress toward the stars by means of the argument that what has been must be, and that what is is good enough. They are of the men who shrug their shoulders when the hope is expressed that the abuse of liquor may be lessened and finally controlled; who sneer at the efforts of the police authorities to shut up all the houses of ill-repute, on the ground that prostitution has always existed and must always exist. (That it will never become "unpopular," as the drummer would tell you in his breezy way.) Assuredly, you need to be on your guard against infatuation with those big, genial and (usually) pot-bellied personages whose large hearts and abundant charity and splendid appetites allow them to discard as unworthy of a sensible man's regard everything but honesty, reading, spelling and arithmetic (add, in the case of Howard Vincent, a dash of accomplishments and agnostic philosophy), Worcestershire sauce and jests of custom-made humor. Blessed be humor. The man or woman without it is like a loaf of stale bread or a cup of brackish water. But to be content with the mere workaday world and its ways is like travelling perpetually with a grip-sack. When we open the grip-sack, what do we find? The barest necessities of life, without a trace of

anything which inspires or refines. I have no desire to betray the private affairs of any commercial traveller, or to imply that the Bible and Shakespeare are not occasionally to be found both in the kit of the travelling man and in the English leather trunk of the more elegant man of fashion. I am simply cautioning you, my male correspondents, to beware of accepting as final your world as you find it. Nothing is more sure to make you a second-class person. Mere good-natured common-sense ("horse-sense," as our drummer would call it) is a useful virtue, but it would keep civilization ordinary to the crack of doom.

Ah! now we are likely to have trouble. Notice, please, the lady coming this way. How graceful and elegant she is. A delicate, refined face and bearing. See how she sidles off from the third and second-class passengers with an expression of distaste for them which suggests pain. She cannot bear coarse people. She believes herself to be an intellectual woman with serious tastes. She aims to be a spiritual person and she reads many essays—by Emerson, Matthew Arnold, Pater, and others. She is fond of history and politics; not of this country, because she claims that it is vulgar and lacks picturesqueness. But she can tell you all about the governments of Europe, and who is prime minister of or in authority in each of them. Democracy does not interest her. It seems to her to concern the affairs of dirty or common people; and she cares nothing for the great social questions of the age. They appear to her to clash with personal spirituality and culture. She is very sensitive. She has made

a study of music, especially Wagner. She is very particular as to what she has to eat, but the grossness of men, as she calls it, offends her seriously. She believes herself to be not very strong physically, and she is nervous on the subject of arsenic in wall-papers and germs in drinking-water. She has retained her maidenly instincts to the last.

What is that you ask, madam? A seat in a first-class carriage? Excuse me, you cannot go in there. You belong in the second-class section of the train. Mistake? There is no mistake. I understand perfectly. I'm ready to take your word for it that you have read Dante in the original, and I know that you are

Chaste as the icicle  
That's cur'd by the frost from purest  
snow,  
And hangs on Dian's temple.

(Doubtless you recall the quotation.) But you must stay out. Your ticket reads "Personal culture and individual salvation," and it entitles you to ride in any of those second-class cars. You don't like the passengers? I am very sorry, I'm sure, but my instructions are explicit. I was told to keep out all ladies of your kind, who think that the ideal is to be attained by hugging themselves to themselves (excuse the coarseness of the metaphor, madam) all their days in a hot-house atmosphere, and playing bo-peep with their own souls. You intend to write a letter about it to the Boston *Evening* —? Oh, very well. You will have to ride second-class, all the same.

RECENT ENGLISH VERSE.

---

## UNTO THIS LAST.

Art thou not wounded? wilt not stay?  
Let us lie down and die:  
The fight is over for to-day,  
Why toll in vain, friend? Why?  
"We shall not *win* to-day, nor yet to-night;  
Shall never *win*, but we can always fight!"

Wilt not forget her, now she hates?  
Art thou in love with scorn?  
He gets no sleep, nor dreams, who waits  
Through all the night till morn.  
"But I shall watch and wait till morning break;  
I love not sleep, but her, for her own sake."

Hast not discovered any clue  
Wherewith to thread the maze?  
Wilt not hereafter come to rue  
This waste of pleasant days?  
"I have no clue, but till the clue I know,  
Not rueing aught, shall wander to and fro!"

From Poems.

*Ernest Hartley Coleridge.*

## "I MAY NOT LOVE THEE?"

"I may not love thee." "May not?" but I do:  
This is my title to the crown of love—  
A title which each heart-beat doth renew,—  
A title ancient as the stars above.  
"I may not love thee." "May not?" but I must:  
When Nature's mightiest forces are at play,  
The ship, o'er mastered by the whirling gust,  
Forgets its course and wanders far astray.  
"I may not love thee." "May not?" but I will:  
My soul leaves thine and glories in love's name—  
Itself its arbiter of good and ill—  
Itself the well-spring of its ardent flame.  
I may not love thee, my Beloved! but still  
Love thee I do, I must, I ever will.

From *The Silence of Love.**Edmond Holmes.*

## INTO THE TWILIGHT.

Out-worn heart, in a time out-worn,  
 Come clear of the nets of wrong and right;  
 Laugh, heart, again in the gray twilight,  
 Sing, heart, again in the dew of the morn.

Your mother Erin is always young,  
 Dew ever shining and twilight gray;  
 Though hope fall from you and love decay,  
 Burning in fires of a slanderous tongue.

Come, heart, where hill is heaped upon hill,  
 For there the mystical brotherhood  
 Of sun and moon and hollow and wood  
 And river and stream work out their will;

And God stands winding His lonely horn,  
 And time and the world are ever in flight;  
 And love is less kind than the gray twilight,  
 And hope is less dear than the dew of the morn.

From the Wind Among the Reeds.

*W. B. Yeats.*

## OF HOLY OBEDIENCE.

Dear love, but read me right and reckon true  
 How love of thee hath featured all my mind;  
 Till in my will 'tis thine that I pursue,  
 And in my face thy looks I wish to find.  
 For having eyes that worship at thine eyes,  
 And senses all to thy clear guidance bent,  
 Even as a pool takes color from the skies  
 So from thy grace hath grace to me been lent.  
 Yea, by this test I in my own love stand,  
 And out of mine own self get touch with thee:  
 Because my hand hath rested on thy hand  
 Therefore is its poor use grown sweet to me;  
 And for my lips, since they thy word obey,  
 Them I love too, but in another way.

From The Little Land.

*Laurence Housman.*

## BOOKS AND AUTHORS.

A new volume of stories from the pen of the late Miss Maria Louise Pool, entitled "A Widow and Some Spinsters" is announced by Herbert S. Stone & Co.

Even "Punch" has not escaped the tendency to change, just now noticeable in the English weekly journals. It is to be doubled in price, and its literary features increased.

A new volume, the fifth, in Professor McMaster's "History of the People of the United States" is one of the most important volumes on the list of the Appletons for early issue.

The forthcoming volume in M. Imbert de St. Amand's series on the Court of the Second (French) Empire is called "France and Italy," and gives an account of the war with Austria for the liberation of Italy. It will be published by the Scribners.

The case of the Boers is presented in a timely and friendly volume, "Oom Paul's People" by Howard C. Hillegas, an American journalist, who has spent two years in South Africa. The book is published by the Appletons.

To his series of French classics Mr. William R. Jenkins is about to add Molière's "Les Précieuses Ridicules," with a biographical memoir and explanatory notes by C. Fontaine, B. L., and for class use in the study of Spanish, "Doce Cuentos Escogidos" by the same editor.

"Zack," whose dramatic and rather gruesome stories, included in the vol-

ume entitled "Life is Life," attracted a good deal of attention last year, has written a novel called "On Trial," which has been running serially in Blackwood's. Charles Scribner's Sons, who published the volume of stories, are to publish the novel also.

Oliver Herford's "An Alphabet of Celebrities," which is on the list of Small, Maynard & Co., will have a cordial welcome from all who recall the delicious absurdities of "A Bashful Earthquake." "Mr. Dooley in the Hearts of his Countrymen," from the press of the same house, is another volume which has its welcome waiting for it.

The dulness of literary affairs in London the last summer is attested by nothing more than by the space which the leading literary journals gave to the discussion of the proceeding of the Indiana Sunday school which turned Mr. Kipling's books out of its library. If the subject of discussion had been how the books originally got in, there would have been some point in it.

That mirage the "American novel" may elude the public indefinitely, but the distinctively American essay is not far to seek. It appears this year in a charming and brilliant style, and takes the name "Search-Light Letters." Readers of Scribner's Magazine do not need to be told that Robert Grant is responsible for these eminently sane and useful epistles to American thinking people, and they will be glad to own the whole collection of letters in the attractive book form which the Scribners have given it. The letter "To

"a Modern Woman with Social Ambitions" has a large mission to fulfil, and there are signs that it has aroused some wholesome emotions already.

Seymour Hicks's novel, "One of the Best," suggests the Dreyfus case in the main feature of the plot, which turns upon the condemnation of an innocent officer on the charge of selling military information to the enemy. But a complicated love romance is wrought into the story. George Routledge and Sons are the publishers.

New editions of Mr. Frederick Saunders's delightful "Salad for the Solitary and Social" and of the same author's "Evenings with the Sacred Poets" are among the autumn announcements of Thomas Whittaker. The same publisher announces "A Cycle of Stories" by Barbara Yechton: a group of short poems dealing with spiritual struggles, and called "An Epic of the Soul;" and illustrated handbooks of Oxford and Cambridge.

Those two lovers of Provence, whose story has been a favorite for so many years, appear again in a charming guise this year. "Aucassin and Nicolette," the new edition of this mediæval song-story, comes from the publishing house of Fords, Howard & Hulbert, in a most dainty form and with illustrations quite in the mood of the romance. The translation into English is the work of A. Rodney Macdonough, and is an exquisite rendering of Alexandre Bida's modern version of the tale.

The recent publication of Lord Rosebery's "Appreciations and Addresses" led to a curious suit, The London Times having brought an action on the ground that it was not permissible to make use of reports of Lord Rosebery's addresses which had appeared in its columns. As all the proof-sheets were

revised by Lord Rosebery's secretary, before publication, from the original manuscripts, it would seem as if the author's rights, in this instance, transcended those of the newspaper reporter. But the court thought otherwise, and decided in favor of The Times.

There is perhaps too much reason to class books of quotations under one heading, as a weariness to the mind. But a distinctly stimulating little book of extracts, specially prepared for teachers and parents, is one just published by Fords, Howard & Hulbert, "Educational Nuggets," edited by John R. Howard. The quotations are from Plato, Aristotle, Rousseau, Herbart, Spencer and so on, and they are conspicuous for their thought-awakening qualities.

The London Chronicle tells a pleasing story of Eugene Field. He once found himself coveting a rare copy of Burns, which he had chanced upon in a bookstall, but without the requisite money with him to buy it. Thereupon he wrote these lines upon the fly-leaf:—

Gude freinde, for Jesus' sake forbare  
To buy ye book thou seest here  
For I have gone to earn the pelf—  
I meane to buy ye book myselfe.

Whether because of this appeal or because it happened that no rival happened on the book, he secured it later.

The "Life of William Makepeace Thackeray," which Mr. Lewis Melville has written in two volumes, is a work which will be awaited with some curiosity and perhaps a little apprehension, for the undertaking is rather a daring one, all things considered. There was a brief life of Thackeray included in the English Men of Letters Series, but with this exception and that of the biographical material by his daughter which prefaced the vol-

umes in the recently completed biographical edition of his writings, no biography of the great novelist and satirist has been attempted. Mr. Melville's work will be published in this country by Herbert S. Stone & Co., of Chicago.

The people of Olney view the Cowper Centenary with so little enthusiasm, and place so slight an estimate on its local interest, that they have declined to consider the proposal to acquire the poet's house. Cowper's biographer, Mr. Thomas Wright, who is the chief mover in the matter, is now trying to persuade his townsmen to buy the house, and, letting the rest of it, to keep the parlor sacred to the poet's memory. But even this modest suggestion is received with apathy.

Following hard upon the excitement attending the Dreyfus trial, comes a French narrative which purports to be the actual account of the indignities and horrors that befell one young volunteer in the army, twenty years ago. The author, Lionel Decle, states in his preface that he wishes it to be understood that he has not written "Trooper 3809" for the purpose of attacking the French army as represented by its officers; yet he asserts also that the condition of affairs has improved but slightly, if at all, for the average French soldier since his day. Life in the cavalry barracks, the drilling, the regular duties of a private, friendships and enmities, punishments and escapades, are chronicled with minute and dramatic attention, and the record is saved from being too grim by many touches of humor. Charles Scribner's Sons, publishers.

A peculiar story that might be called a study in financial villainy comes from the press of Herbert S. Stone & Co., and bears the aptly descriptive

title, "Resolved to be Rich." The author is E. H. Cooper, who has selected for the subject of his study an orphaned lad of fifteen or sixteen years, of a narrowly mathematical turn of mind, and with a positively uncanny cleverness in the forming of schemes. This small but mentally aged hero, Gerald Franklin, throws in his lot with a set of sharpers, all determined to wrest funds from frugally-minded but complacent people by boozing the "Freehold Building Company," a concern that laudably pays twelve per cent. interest and assists the houseless poor to build themselves cottages, at one and the same time. The character drawing is good, and the story one to arouse a certain amount of reflection.

The Scribners are fortunate in being able to offer the public two such collections of clever stories as Richard Harding Davis' "The Lion and the Unicorn" and Bliss Perry's "The Powers at Play." Many of these stories have been already once enjoyed by magazine readers, but in book form the successful qualities of each seem heightened. Mr. Davis takes his favorite type of hero into England, Cuba and the British colonies, but Mr. Perry's men and women are still at home in New England and are almost too living and breathing to be reduced to a type—even a very good type. Mr. Davis's manner gains in brightness and Mr. Perry's in depth and sympathy. Perhaps no one mark of distinction is more plainly stamped upon "The Powers at Play" than that given to it by the unvarying vividness with which both places and people become detachable and individual; the places are not merely settings, they exist in themselves, and the people who come and go have a personality that makes them especially at home in their particular surroundings, yet absolutely free to change them at will.

## BOOKS OF THE MONTH.

- Actor, and His Art, The. By Stanley Jones. Downey & Co.
- Africa, South, The Story of. By W. Basil Worsfold, M. A. Horace Marshall & Sons.
- Aucassin and Nicolette. Rendered into modern French by Alexandre Bida. Translated into English by A. Rodney Macdonough. Fords, Howard & Hulbert. Price, \$1.00.
- Auld Lang Syne. Second Series. My Indian Friends. By F. Max Muller. Charles Scribner's Sons. Price \$2.00.
- Autobiography of a Child. By Hannah Lynch. Dodd, Mead & Co. Price, \$1.25.
- Bastille, Legends of the. Translated from the French of F. Funck-Brentano. With an Introduction by Victorien Sardou. Downey & Co.
- Creation Records Discovered in Egypt. By George St. Clair. David Nutt.
- Divorce, Jewish Law of, The. By David Werner Ameam, M. A. Press of Edward Stern & Co.
- Dutch and Quaker Colonies in America, The. By John Fiske. Houghton, Mifflin & Co. 2 vols. Price, \$4.00.
- Etchingham Letters, The. By Sir Frederick Pollock and Mrs. Fuller Maitland. Dodd, Mead & Co. Price, \$1.25.
- Heiress of the Season, The. By Sir Wm. Magnay, Bart. Elder & Co.
- Holland and the Hollanders. By David S. Meldrum. Dodd, Mead & Co. Price, \$2.00.
- Ione March. By S. R. Crocket. Dodd, Mead & Co. Price, \$1.50.
- Jerahmeel, The Chronicle of, or the Hebrew Bible Historiale. By M. Gaster. Royal Asiatic Society.
- Jesus Christ, Unknown Life of, The. By the Discoverer of the Manuscript, Nicolas Notovitch. Translated from the French by Alexina Loranger. Rand, McNally & Co.
- Lion and the Unicorn, The. By Richard Harding Davis. Charles Scribner's Sons. Price, \$1.25.
- Madame Lambelle. By Gustave Tou douze. William R. Jenkins. Price, \$.60.
- Nuggets, Educational. Gathered by John R. Howard. Fords, Howard & Hulbert. Price, \$.40.
- Nuggets, Patriotic. Gathered by John R. Howard. Fords, Howard & Hulbert. Price, \$.40.
- Orange Girl, The. By Walter Besant. Dodd, Mead & Co. Price, \$1.50.
- Path of a Star, The. By Sara Jeannette Duncan. Methuen & Co.
- Physics Experimental and Theoretical. By R. H. Jude. Partly from the French of H. Gossuin. Vol. I. Chapman & Hall.
- Powers at Play, The. By Bliss Perry. Charles Scribner's Sons. Price, \$1.25.
- Resolved to be Rich. By E. H. Cooper. Herbert S. Stone & Co.
- Rose Island. By W. Clark Russell. Herbert S. Stone & Co.
- Science, Christian, and Other Superstitions. By J. M. Buckley, LL.D. The Century Co.
- Search-Light Letters. By Robert Grant. Charles Scribner's Sons. Price, \$1.50.
- Taverns, Old London. By Edward Cal low. Downey & Co.
- To London Town. By Arthur Morri son. Herbert S. Stone & Co.
- Trooper 3809. By Lionel Decle. Charles Scribner's Sons.
- Voyage of the "Pulo Way," The. By Carlton Dawe. R. F. Fenno & Co.
- Yarn of a Bucko Mate, The. By Her bert Elliott Hamblin. Charles Scribner's Sons. Price, \$1.50.

